

figuring it out by caffeinescripts

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, also i hope jonathan isn't ooc i really worried about that sooo, also somewhat angst?? but like a good ending dont worry, so there are lots of pregnancy fics but i don't see a lot of pregnancy scare fanfics??, wish i could take credit for being original but it was a tumblr prompt that honestly got too long

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Summary:

“How exactly?” She demanded. “We’re not going to have a life! We’re going to end up at the end of the cul de sac just like-” She stopped herself, a few tears now falling down her cheeks.

Jonathan didn’t know how to fix this, but he certainly knew Nancy Wheeler would never end up like her parents.

figuring it out

Author's Note:

a tumblr request. "Fic prompt: Jancy + pregnancy scare." (And if you ever want to check out said tumblr, i'm @nancyswhlr on there!)

dedicated to geena, who didn't help me with a title.
thanks for nothing. (and jackie, she was useless too
but i love her)

Rain beat against the car windows, the steady pour of it being the only thing calming Nancy's nerves. She was supposed to tell him tonight. She was going to.

What if she was wrong? She hadn't even taken a test yet. And he'd been working late all week, they hardly saw each other. This would definitely ruin date night.

Not that it had been going so great to begin with. He could already tell from the moment she opened the door. Right away, answering with a soft smile that didn't quite meet her eyes instead of a cheerful somewhat overly enthusiastic peck. She was normally excited, most of the time. She did have the days she felt down, when the crushing weight of their world and Barb and Will and monsters and everything stacked onto her shoulders to where she couldn't bare it anymore and she finally cracked. He did too. But each time the world felt like too much, they had each other. They always lead the other to their room and asked, without needing to, if they could skip the going out for that night. They always obliged, of course. They'd gotten pretty good at the whole communication thing.

Which is what confused Jonathan somewhat as he snuck another glance at his girlfriend. Usually lounging in his passenger seat, she sat stiff and still now, almost rigid. And he'd already asked. In the car when he picked her up, on the way to the theater when she'd been particularly quiet. She just grabbed his hand and smiled, again it not meeting her eyes, and told him she just didn't want to be late to the movie. Light teasing, but it didn't feel like it normally did. He was

going to say more, but then again, this was Nancy. He was never going to push her.

Because, again normally, he didn't have to. He knew she'd never budge anyway if he (or anyone) pried too much. Nancy was one of the most determined yet stubborn people he had ever met. Maybe the most, next to his own mother perhaps. She'd come to him with it on her terms, when she was ready. She always did. In the rare occasions she didn't tell him what was wrong right away, that is.

But tonight she was curled into herself against the window, staring out of it vaguely. She looked like a stranger instead of his girlfriend. Not the girl that always kicked off her shoes and grabbed his hand while driving, grinning at him or fiddling with a mixtape. He could feel her discomfort roll off in waves tonight, making him just as uneasy. Jonathan wished she would just prop her feet on the dash or something.

"Hey, Nancy?" he tried, gently.

She was so in her own head it took her a moment to look up. "Yeah?" She finally responded, turning towards him slowly.

It was dark, the streetlights of Hawkins were barely any use when it wasn't nearly pouring and besides the beat of rain. He could just make out how her hair was still slightly damp by the way it clung around her face from when they ran to the car, using his coat as a umbrella. But that was all he was able to read from her in the shadows. It was also strangely quiet, neither one of them popping in a mixtape when they got in. Her voice sounded too jarring compared to the squeak of the windshield wipers.

He should've been more focused on driving than her, honestly. He wasn't even sure where he was headed, she didn't seem in the mood for him to climb her window tonight. But the road's were empty as well, in a tiny town like Hawkins no one bothered to go out when it even drizzled. "Are you sure you're okay?" He snuck another glance at her.

Jonathan could vaguely see her head bop up and then down again. "Yeah. I'm fine."

He wanted to buy it, he really did. She spoke so quietly he wasn't even sure if her voice was wavering, or if it was just the rain. "Are you sure?" He prompted.

"Yes!" She replied but this time she snapped, and he could hear the break in her voice. There was no denying she was upset now, and far too stubborn to admit it. "I'm fine, can't you just leave-wait, Jonathan, what're you doing?" She stopped midway through her sentence when he made an impromptu turn. The parking lot was, conveniently, empty.

"Nancy." He shifted the car in park and turned himself to face her fully. "You're not okay. Whatever it is, please let me help." He reached for her gently, and took it as a good sign when she didn't pull her hand away from his. She wasn't crying, but she still looked upset enough to break him a little. Only a little deflated in the fact that she was still trying to be strong, right in front of him, of all people.

"I-I can't." She wouldn't meet his eyes, despite how he now leaned even closer to her. Trying to comfort her.

Jonathan shook his head. "Yes, you can. You're not alone, Nancy. I'm with you, through anything." He said it so fiercely she looked up at him. Her lip quivered slightly before she bit it.

"I-" She choked out. "I may..." She took a deep breath, and for a second it looked like she was trying to build up some of the courage Jonathan thought she had an endless amount of. He'd never met anyone in his life as brave as her, either. "I might be pregnant." She breathed out the last word, her wide eyes glancing up at him before darting down to her lap.

Nancy was silent for the next couple of moments, letting him process what she had just said. She could be pregnant. For some reason, this was more unbelievable than fighting a monster from another dimension. Or taking down a government lab, because Jonathan was in a state of shocked silence. Little girl with superpowers? Fine in comparison. He was pretty sure his blood was running cold, his entire body freezing on him.

"You-you're what?" He finally managed to get out, and she hated this moment even more than she did five seconds ago. He had heard her, but he had to have heard her wrong. Right? There was no way.

"Pregnant." She mumbled, her voice choked up again.

He still looked like he hadn't even processed, hadn't even begun to have processed, what she was saying. He just muttered out a reply with a look of shock and pure confusion on his face. "How do you-" He tried to make sense of it.

Nancy cut him off, "I'm late." She shook her head. "I've been on the pill, I mean there may have been a day or two I forgot but I've never been this late before." Her voice broke a bit at the end. It was the only thing that snapped Jonathan out of his state.

One second he was staring at her like a deer caught in headlights, and the next he was moving to her, wrapping his arms around her. It was gentle but she could feel the weight of it, of how much he loved her. Maybe if he hugged her and she calmed down everything would be okay. She didn't know why, but that thought made her want to cry.

"Hey, hey. It's, um, it's going to be okay." He tried to calm her, saying the only thing he could think of. She just leaned into him a little, not buying it.

"Bullshit," She mumbled her favorite word and he pulled back just enough to look her in the eyes. She felt colder without him.

"Nancy-"

"It is!" She choked out. "Jonathan, this could ruin everything! Our entire lives! College!" She demanded of him, looking up at him with wild but pleading eyes.

Jonathan stammered, trying to think of anything to say to make this better. "We'll figure it out, Nancy."

Nancy, surprisingly, laughed bitterly. "How exactly? We're not going to have a life! We're going to end up at the end of the cul de sac just like-" She stopped herself, a few tears now falling down her cheeks.

Jonathan didn't know how to fix this, but he certainly knew Nancy Wheeler would *never* end up like her parents.

He shushed her, pulling her back into his arms again. "Hey, listen to me. We're not. Okay? We'll..." He faltered for a second. "We'll figure it out. I don't know, whatever you want to do."

She stopped crying almost as quickly as she started, instead opting to take comfort in his presence, in him trying to reassure her. She was still leaning into him when he pulled away, moving his arm from around her to place under her chin, prompting her to look at him.

"Nancy, we're going to get through this." He reasoned, glad she was listening intently now. She nodded along gently. "You are the strongest person I-I have ever met. And there's nothing we can't figure out together. Whatever you decide, I support you. Okay?" Jonathan finished, nodding with her by the end.

Her eyes shone with unshed tears again, and she sniffled a little before she responded. "Can I stay at your place tonight?" She whispered after a couple seconds, although it almost sounded like a plea. She was always welcome though, for as long as they've been together she should know that by now.

He still pulled her to him one last time, carefully kissing the top of her head. "Of course."

When they finally did get back on the road, the drive home was silent again. But this time she didn't let go of his hand the entire time, needing the physical reassurance of him. He was here, they'd figure this out. Even when they pulled up the Byers' driveway she didn't let go of her deathgrip. "Just for a sec, okay?" He soothed the look of alarm in her eyes.

She didn't respond, just let him jump out of the drivers side and around to hers before opening the door for her. She leaned into him immediately as they walked up to the house, already seeing the TV glowing from behind the curtain.

Will was, surprisingly considering he spent several days a week in her basement, home. As Jonathan unlocked the door, he greeted them

from the couch. "Hey guys!" He beamed at them before noticing the serious look on both of their faces, Nancy attempting a weak smile.

"Jonathan, is that you? You're home early, I thought you would've been at Nancy's until-" Mrs. Byers' stepped into the living room from the kitchen, stopping herself when she noticed their grim appearances. She could feel the weight in the air, that they were dealing with something serious. "Is everything okay you two?" She asked tentatively, noting the protective arm Jonathan had around his girlfriend.

Jonathan nodded, unconvincingly. "Yeah, um, Nancy is gonna crash here tonight. If that's okay...?" He knew how supportive his mother was with their relationship, probably happiest out of anyone for them. He never pushed her parental guidelines though (that she knew of. Nancy snuck in and out of the Byers' less often than him out her window anyways). But she also knew he wouldn't blatantly disregard them and ask if something wasn't wrong. Just looking at them made her heart ache.

She nodded. "Yeah, of course sweetie." She moved towards them, noticing Nancy in particular. "I'll call your parents for you?" She offered, almost taken aback at how grateful Nancy looked.

"Thank you." She responded, trying to steady her voice. She hadn't separated an inch from Jonathan since they stepped into the house. Will, from the couch still, looking worried.

Joyce just nodded. "We're just going to go to bed." Jonathan spoke up, worry and nerves evident in his eyes as well. Nancy looked like there was nothing she wanted to do more.

"Good, you two look like you need it." She didn't miss how Nancy tried to smile at the small quip. Mrs. Byers' only moved closer towards the kids, lowering her voice. "Whatever it is, it's going to be okay." She said to them, softly placing a reassuring hand on Nancy's arm.

The younger girl looked like she was about to cry again as she nodded, somehow moving even closer to her boyfriend. "Thank you Mrs. Byers. For everything."

“How many times have I told you to call me Joyce?” She tried to speak lightly, but it was hard when Nancy’s voice sounded small and broken. She was met with a lame nod. “You two get some rest. Goodnight. I love you.” She looked to Jonathan.

Jonathan moved first, gently guiding along Nancy with him. “Goodnight mom.” He said as she put a hand on his arm as well. “Love you. Love you Will.”

“Love you too.” He piped up from the couch, letting them have a moment. Mrs. Byers’ looked to her other son, seeing the grave amount of confusion and worry evident in his eyes too. She moved towards him next, after calling out a final “I love you, goodnight’ to her eldest.

“Are they okay?” Will asked when they walked away, looking scared up at his mom.

She ran a hand through his hair lovingly. “I don’t know honey. But knowing those two, they will be.” She reassured him.

Nancy barely moved when Jonathan released his arm around her, moving to the closet quickly as she took off her coat. She felt numb, like this couldn’t be real. She was presented with a shirt of his, and she took it without looking him in the eye.

Wordlessly, she turned her back to him, moving her hair out of the way so he could unzip her dress before it fell at her feet. She pulled the oversized shirt over her head, already feeling comforted by just the scent of him. Jonathan then moved to get dressed as she took off her shoes.

She finally found herself underneath his covers as he quietly joined her. “I’m not tired.” She found her voice, although still low, at least it wasn’t breaking anymore. Despite it being a quarter to eleven, she looked awake. Her eyes were still red and puffy though.

“We should probably get some sleep anyways.” He tried, looking at her gently.

“Why? Because I-”

“Because,” He cut her off this time, reaching to grab her hand. “We’ll both have a clearer head in the morning.”

She nodded, making an “Oh” sound with her lips. She was being pretty irrational tonight. She was impressed he was being so...attentive to her. Calm in comparison to her, although he was frazzled. She was pretty sure she fell in love with him even more, not even knowing that was possible. Instead of arguing further, she just moved closer, curling into him.

“I haven’t taken a test yet.” She said after a pause, and she could feel him tense.

“That’s the first thing to do, right?” He responded after a moment. She nodded against him.

“Yeah. I’ll do it tomorrow then,” She bit her lip.

“If that’s what you want.” She nodded again. It was silent for a few more moments.

He sighed, rubbing comforting circles and other patterns on her hip where his hand fell, his arm wrapped around her. “Hey Jonathan,” she whispered, moving to look up at him.

“Yeah?” He made an effort to look her in the eyes too, pulling back slightly.

She made sure to look in his eyes, hoping he knew how much she was trying to convey with what she said. “I love you.”

If this was like usual, Jonathan would grin and maybe ever blush before kissing her hurriedly, not even giving himself a chance to say it back. She was used to getting told it in between kisses with wide smiles being the only thing interrupting. Maybe it was because they didn’t say it a lot, not wanting it to lose meaning or whatever. It felt like more serious of a word with him than it had with Steve. More weighted, because she actually meant it now.

“I love you too.” She could tell by the look in his eyes, so soft yet

piercing every time he said it, he meant it as much as she did. He was suddenly closer to her, kissing her slowly and softly.

It certainly wasn't chaste, but she wished it was longer. But she only offered him a small smile before moving back into position. After a few minutes of silence they both, surprisingly, fell asleep quickly.

They woke up to an empty house, a note on the kitchen table explaining that his mom and brother were at Hopper's cabin with the kids. That image alone was enough to bring a small smile to their faces, imagining Hopper cooking eggos for them on Sunday morning. Jonathan also appreciated his mother giving them some privacy, even if she didn't know what was going on with them.

They ended up at the corner store by his house by 8:30. Not only was Nancy a natural early riser (Jonathan was most certainly not. Somehow he awoke shortly after her this morning though), but she couldn't stay asleep for most of the night. She never could when something was worrying her too much, it vaguely reminded him of the first time they shared a bed together. He'd woken up to a conclusive theory by day break, buying monster hunting weapons by mid-morning. This still felt more unreal than that.

They also wanted to be brief, grateful it was too early for any of the other high schoolers to be awake. Well, most. She only got a pitiful stare from the lady who checked them out, Jonathan's face went red when Nancy diverted her eyes. They hadn't untensed till they got home to a, still, silent house.

"Are you sure you're okay to do this? We can wait a little if you..." Jonathan started as they both looked at the box in Nancy's hand, weighing it.

She shook her head. "No. I want to know." Jonathan understood, fear making him tense up. Their whole lives could change based off a tiny test in that box.

The waiting was the worst part. Jonathan grabbed the kitchen timer while she had been gone, but now she paced in front of him. He wondered if he'd ever seen Nancy so scared, almost giving the girl that emerged from *The Upside Down* a run for her money. He sat

still, staring at the clock. The only sound was the padding of her feet back and forth.

It was approximately another few minutes before it dinged, letting them know their futures were about to be determined. Her eyes met his, and he instantly moved towards her.

She opened her mouth to speak, but Jonathan was faster. “You can, you can do it. Whatever it is, I’m here for you.” He had his hands on her shoulders, telling her things she already knew. She nodded, not wanting to break away from his grip but knowing she had to.

Nancy grabbed his hand, leading them to the bathroom before dropping it to look at the test. He stayed behind her, genuinely afraid for a moment at the pure silence. He wasn’t sure if her surprised exhale was a good thing or not, until she was suddenly spinning on her heel and wrapping her arms around him.

“Wha-”

“Not pregnant.” She cut him off and Jonathan could mark this as one of his most relieved moments of his life, somewhere next to the gate to The Upside Down being shut.

He pulled away to look her in the eyes. “Really?” She just nodded, gesturing her head to the test. Sure enough, only one line. He hugged her one more time, both of them feeling like they could breathe again. They weren’t going to have to settle down, at least yet. They were going to New York for school together. Everything was good.

She flashed him a relieved smile, the first one he’d seen on her in maybe a week, before rising on her tiptoes to kiss him. She pulled away after a moment, not moving from his embrace though. Jonathan just grinned. “I knew we weren’t going to end up like your parents.” For the first time also in days, Nancy laughed. It brought a grin to Jonathan’s face, knowing it was dumb but he missed her being happy. He wanted her to always be happy.

It was just after lunch when Joyce called, informing them they’d be

home soon. The couple were still picking at their plates he had made them in front of the television together, Jonathan coming back to sit down as Nancy reached for his hand instead.

“Yeah?” He prompted, already could tell she had something on her mind.

She looked almost guilty she got caught. “Maybe we should talk.” She shrugged, opting to turn the TV down.

He just looked at her curiously. “About what?”

“Well,” She faced him now. “Do you want kids? One day, I mean.” It was another relief to him that the fearless, tackling things head on Nancy was back.

She was surprised when he laughed, also offended because this was supposed to be a serious discussion. “Sorry.” He caught the look she gave him. “Don’t you think that’s something we can talk about...later? Like, after college later?”

Her feigned anger was completely forgotten. “Oh yeah?” She was teasing now. “See us together that long?” She quipped.

“Yeah.” She looked up, the playful tone of her words gone almost instantaneously when she saw how serious he was being. “I plan on being with you...forever.” He shrugged, losing a bit of confidence towards the end, embarrassment rising to his cheeks.

She moved, linking her arms around his neck now. “Me too.” She told him seriously, this time it was her turn to say “I love you” in between kisses and grinning. Everything felt lighter now. She should really be used to the burst in her chest and the pounding of her heart when he said it back by now.